

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



JUSTIFIED.

JUDGE.—You admit you sand-bagged the man. Have you any excuse?

PRISONER.—Yes, yer Honor. De sand-bag wuz me own property and J. P. Morgan says a man has de right ter do wot he pleases wit' his own property.



HIS SIDE LINE.

EMPLOYER.—James, did I see you shooting craps in the back alley yesterday?
OFFICE-BOY.—Sure! Yer don't suppose I kin live on simply de salary you pays me, do yer?

A WEEK IN WASHINGTON.

(From the viewpoint of the average Roosevelt paper.)

SUNDAY.—Senator Hanna went to church to-day. If the Ohio Machiavelli expects to accomplish anything by this move, he will find himself sadly mistaken. The President also attends divine services regularly.
MONDAY.—The Senate had just come to order this morning, when Senator Hanna coughed slightly. Shortly afterward Senator Quay *blew his nose*. With such episodes occurring under the very dome of the Capitol, it behooves the administration to be on the alert.

TUESDAY.—Senator Hanna had his shoes polished to-day by a colored bootblack. If this man is after the colored vote, why does n't he come out and say so? However, the time is rapidly approaching when he will find himself compelled to either fish or cut bait.

WEDNESDAY.—It is authoritatively reported that Mr. Hanna was seen borrowing a chew of tobacco from Mr. Gorman early this afternoon. What can this signify? Roosevelt republicans, on guard!

THURSDAY.—We feel confident that the junior senator from Ohio will soon emerge from under cover. He displayed the cloven

hoof to-day by walking down Pennsylvania Avenue attired in a farmer hat and a pair of red mittens!

FRIDAY.—Senator Hanna stated emphatically to our representative this morning that he is not a candidate. If this be true, why was he seen later in the day smoking a union-made cigar? The butt of this cigar is in safe hands!

SATURDAY.—We have ascertained that Senator Hanna breakfasted this morning. His butler says that a part of the repast consisted of Ojojo Oats. Can this be true? If he captures the breakfast-food vote in the convention, we are lost. The only breakfast foods that Mr. Roosevelt eats are ham and eggs, beef-steak, and the like.

Will S. Adkins.

A PRIMER PARAGRAPH.

See the Picture. It is a Portrait of Grover Cleveland.

Yes, I see it, and should immediately recognize it as a Likeness of that two-times President and eminent Piscatorialist, if I were able to pronounce such long words. But, what makes the Picture look so shabby?

Ah, my Child! That is because of the Frequency with which William Jennings Bryan has turned it to the Wall and the People have turned it back again. From this we should Learn that it is a Poor Portrait that has no Turning.

BORED.

THE HONEST MAN (*to theatre door-tender*).—I see that you have signs in the lobby saying that tickets bought of speculators will not be accepted. Now, I want to inform you that I bought my ticket of a speculator.

DOOR-TENDER (*with a sickly smile*).—Say, you reformers give me a pain in the solar plexus! G'wan in!

OPERA.

"You go to the opera only on the first night?"

"That is all. After the first night, one has been seen by everybody who is anybody."

GUESSING.

"It's an automobile story."

"Then you will have no solitary horseman in the first chapter?"

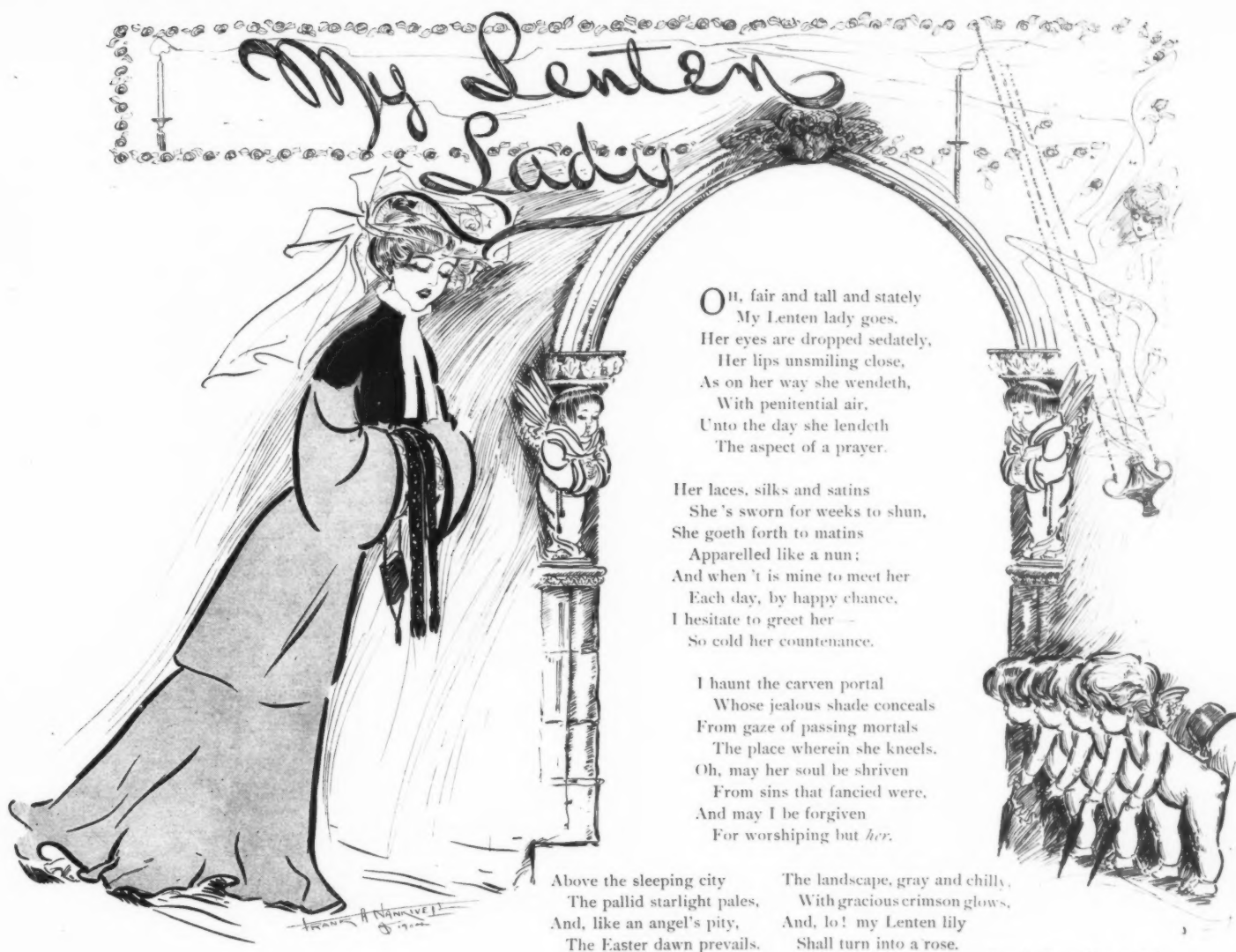
"Oh, yes. The publishers insist on having him. They are going to offer a rich prize to whoever correctly guesses what becomes of him."



DEVOTION.

He paid her compliments, before,
But now he pays her bills.
Is 't just to say that marriage
A man's devotion chills?

PUCK



Oh, fair and tall and stately
My Lenten lady goes.
Her eyes are dropped sedately,
Her lips unsmiling close,
As on her way she wendeth,
With penitential air,
Unto the day she lendeth
The aspect of a prayer.

Her laces, silks and satins
She's sworn for weeks to shun,
She goeth forth to matins
Apparelled like a nun;
And when 't is mine to meet her
Each day, by happy chance,
I hesitate to greet her —
So cold her countenance.

I haunt the carven portal
Whose jealous shade conceals
From gaze of passing mortals
The place wherein she kneels.
Oh, may her soul be shriven
From sins that fancied were,
And may I be forgiven
For worshipping but *her*.

Above the sleeping city
The pallid starlight pales,
And, like an angel's pity,
The Easter dawn prevails.

The landscape, gray and chilly,
With gracious crimson glows,
And, lo! my Lenten lily
Shall turn into a rose.

Jennie Betts Hartswick.

THE SINS OF OMISSION.

HE HAD married the girl of his heart, and they had settled down to happiness in a pretty uptown flat. But he had begun to notice when he came home, after the long day of separation, that his young wife's greeting was not the joyful one of the first weeks of bridehood, and he fancied sometimes that he could detect traces of tears in her gentle eyes. Presently, he noticed them unmistakably on her tender cheek, and heart-wrung at last by her silence he begged her to tell him what pain or grief, unshared by him, could give her cause for tears. Then, indeed, she wept outright, tumultuously, vehemently, with broken incoherent words of passionate accusation. Amazed and distracted he at length gathered the sense of what she was striving to utter.

It was six weeks since he had admired her dress, a month since he had praised her hair, three weeks since he had called her the loveliest woman in the world, and ten days since he had said he adored her.

As satisfactorily as a young

husband can, he corrected these sins of omission. Smiling to himself, above the brown head, now quiet on his breast, he laved it with a stream of eloquent praise, and fervent endearments. Presently, she was looking at him flushed, and dimpling — radiant with delight.

He thought, "Sweet girl, how dearly she loves me." And the thought made life seem doubly sacred.

He was too young a man and too ardent a worshiper, to realize the difference between love and self-love.

Madeline Bridges.



TURN ABOUT.

WILLIE HIPPO.—Now it's your turn to pull me, Johnny Rabbit!

CROESUS.

Now that he's ill, he does n't want

The earth, but in his chair
He's wheeled out twice or
thrice a day,
Or more, to take the air.

READING.

"You are an omnivorous reader?"

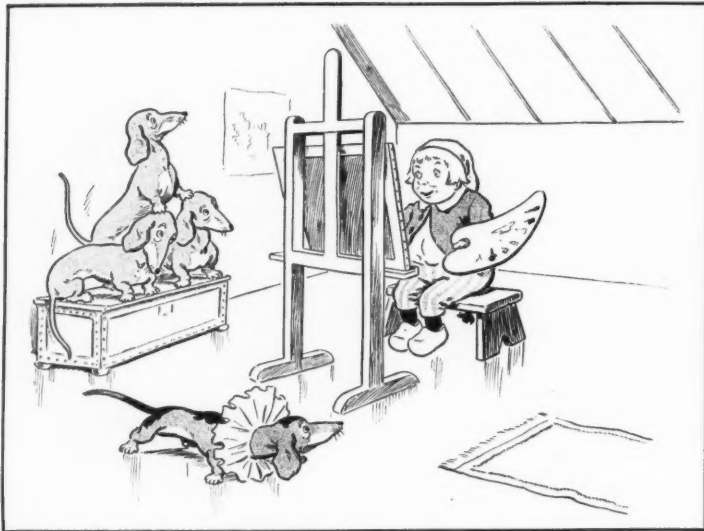
"Oh, dear, no! If I eat anything but predigested malted cereal, I have to quit reading and take exercise."

A land flowing with milk and honey, with plenty of pepsin to digest 'em,
is about the modern notion.

PUCK

HANS AND HIS CHUMS.

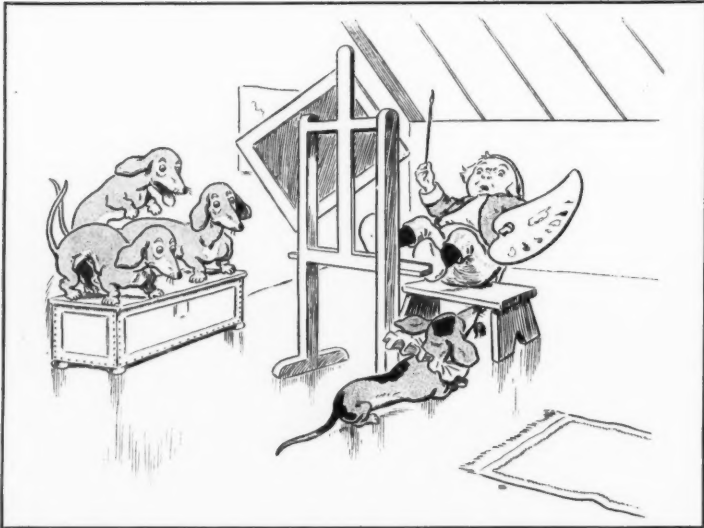
No. 27.



I.
"I'll paint you as 'The Graces three,'" said Hans, the artist, cheerily.



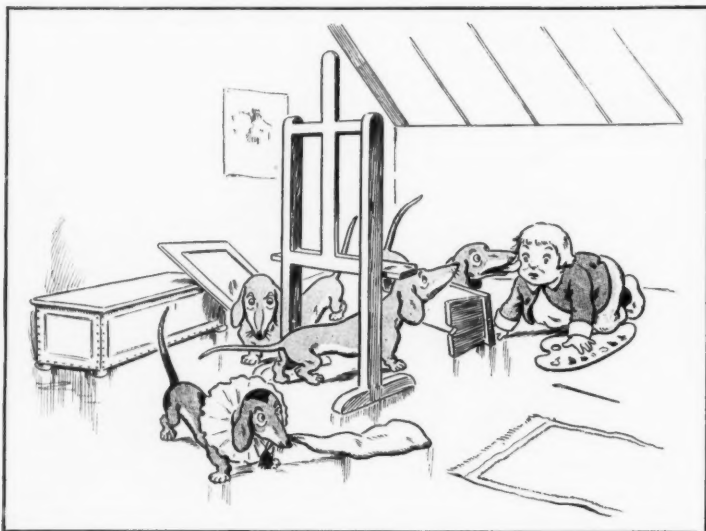
II.
Thought Dackel: "I would be one, too; And will, you bet, before I'm through."



III.
"I'll grab this paint-brush, leave the place, And keep it till I'm made a Grace."



IV.
"It's mine," he cried, "they'll soon be rueing— But what on earth is dear Hans doing?"



V.
Quoth Hans: "You dunce! Your wish comes true! A grace—a scape-grace! That for you!"



VI.
"Now hold that graceful pose," said he; "No place is safe while you can see."

The fourth-class postmaster is apt to be a first-class politician.

PUCK

A BALLADE OF ASH WEDNESDAY.



OW HAS the evil day come
Stripping our cheerly haunts bare,
Striking relentlessly dumb
Echoes that exorcised Care.
Out of the gay world they fare,
Yesterday's bright eyes intent
On the black type of a pray'r,
Into the limbo of Lent.

Hymns for Society's hum,
Dim aisles in lieu of its glare;
Some truly penitent, some
Keen to coquette did they dare;
Madcaps—all matrons' despair—
Go with curls cruelly pent.
(Chiffons the sackcloth they wear)
Into the limbo of Lent.

Constant swains, nervous and numb,
Wait on the cold chapel stair
For comfort—one last tiny crumb—
A nod full of ice as the air.
That's what just fell to my share
When my dulcinea went
Nun, save the gold of her hair,
Into the limbo of Lent.

Ursula, should you declare
You need me the while you repent,
I'll follow you—yes, even there!
Into the limbo of Lent.

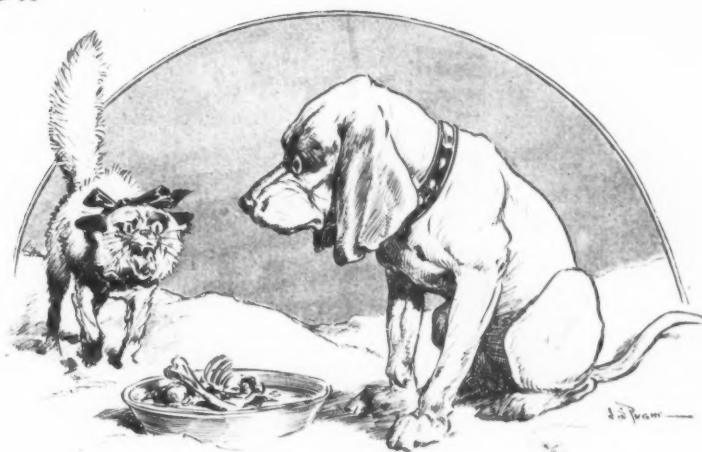
Edward W. Barnard.

NO TROUBLE AT ALL.

THE URBANITE (*visiting the suburbanite*).—A mile and a half to the station! Great Caesar! How can you make a train after a heavy snowstorm?

THE SUBURBANITE (*smilingly*).—Easily, my boy;—the train is sure to be an hour late!

THE MAN who keeps too attentive an eye on the future misses a good many things that relieve the monotony of the present.



JUST DINED.

THE CAT.—So you're the pup who has been stealing my meals, eh? Well, I've got a bone to pick with you!

THE PUP.—Thanks, awfully! But I really could n't pick another one before supper time!

TOUCHING MUSIC.

MISS VALLERBY.—Dat Percy Mokington kin play de mos' intoxicatin' an' heabenly music on his banjo. Oh, my!

CLARENCE COONLEY (*sneeringly*).—Huh! I guess rag-time am about dat niggah's limit!

MISS VALLERBY (*warmly*).—'T is, eh? Yo' jes ought ter heah dat man gib an' imertation oh a spring chicken a-sizzlin' on de pan, er a hungry pickaninny eatin' a watch-millyun! Talk about yo' real music!



PREPARING HIM.

HE.—I hope you'll bag my dinner!

SHE.—Oh, that'll be easy. But, of course, you can't expect as good a dinner as your mother used to bag.



BEFORE THE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY BALL.

SHE.—Why, of course, our ancestors were as anxious to be in style as we are.
HE.—Evidently. I think the leading Colonial dame was Dame Fashion.

PUCK



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE PATRIOTS OF PEACE AT THEIR WORK.

TO LOVE one's country truly is to merit the admiration both of gods and men. Be affection displayed in war or in peace, it is equally praise-worthy. In war, all-consuming, akin in some natures to infatuation. In peace, a steady flame, from the tested oil of constancy. As to which of these is the more commendable, it is not our present purpose to advance an opinion. True love of country, in those who once feel it, is omnipresent thereafter. It never dwindles. But manifests itself variously, in accordance with national requirements and the need of the times. With finest regard for national requirements and a genuine desire to safeguard for four years more the national interests, certain true lovers of country—not merely those "keeping company"—are in quest of a man for the presidency. They are Republicans and they are seeking a successor to Theodore Roosevelt, who is deemed "unsafe." Elihu Root has said: "He is not safe for the men who wish to prosecute selfish schemes to the public detriment," but that may be brushed aside as the utterance of one who is prejudiced in his favor. Those who, with time-piece in hand, have been feeling the pulse of the people, more and more are becoming convinced that "a wide-spread uneasiness" has been caused by his candidacy, which may turn into panic, with all its dread meaning, should his nomination follow.

At the base of the aforesaid uneasiness, which is also known by such names as unrest and trepidation, is the belief on the part of "the people" that in his high office at Washington, President Roosevelt has tampered most temerously with "the great economic forces" and "the laws of our natural development." As instances of such tampering, the patriots of peace have cited a variety of his acts. First and foremost of course, is the publicity plan for trusts, which undeniably was of presidential origin. It was designed in spirit, and as far as possible in letter, to disturb the operations of such "great economic forces" as the Shipping Trust has proved to be. Who marvels, then, at the widespread uneasiness among humble citizens, seeing, as they do, "the laws of natural development" thus nullified. Another instance, fully as flagrant, is the Northern Securities Suit. No wonder "the people" are uneasy, restless, filled with trepidation and what not, when they may see two traffic systems balked in their attempt to do as they please with their own property and to place everyone else completely in their power in the matter of freight and passenger rates. Safe is not the synonym for the man who is responsible. So please pay no attention to the remark by Mr. Root. Then there are other matters, all by way of illustration. President Roosevelt's Post Office campaign is a brazen interruption of "natural forces" at their daily task. His action in the Miller case was obviously similar; for he went so far as to forget the trend of the times and to bluntly decline, at the walking delegate's mouth, to repudiate the United States Constitution for the benefit of a labor union. Unsafe? Scandalously so. The pulse of "the people" is fluttering wildly. And as for the Panama Canal, he emits some trivial platitude about benefiting the country, when, as the whole country knows, the canal must inevitably and forever lessen the quite obvious advantages of a cross-continent railroad monopoly; or, in other words, of our "natural progress." Toiling, advising, wiring, with no thought of self nor of self-interests, thus do the patriots of peace make plain "the uneasiness" which "the

people" feel. And because of their generous services, and their motives, likewise, what name is for them more appropriate than the National Committee of Safety?

MISSOURI'S GIFT TO LITERATURE.

THAT is a significant item from out Missouri way. We will mention the particulars. The students of the State University, after a period of experiment, lately informed the defenceless faculty that they were getting too much to eat. A petition was respectfully presented, in which the authorities were requested, for reasons at length set forth, to reduce the number of daily meals from three to two. There was scant originality about the reasons set forth. They embodied the well-bred theory that enough food is better for the system than too much; especially where mental labor is to follow. But it is not hygienically or gastronomically that we wish to allude to this matter. It is from another and wholly different standpoint, that of future fiction. All ambitious writers, all authors in prospect of the great American novel, can not well overestimate its literary importance. It strikes without doubt a new note of pathos. It opens up new stores of fictional realism. It is close to nature, if not to nature's heart. It will sell. We await then with suspense the Dickens of the hour who, with at least a semblance of that great master's skill, will extract therefrom the theme of a Missouri "Oliver Twist." The dining hall thronged with fat, unhappy students; the tables filled with tempting food, untasted; and Oliver's successor, well fed and healthy, staggering under a tray of richest viands and sobbingly asking for less. Missouri is hereby advanced ten numbers.

AT BACON RIDGE.

POSTMASTER.—Yes, sir, an' that married Mrs. Fresh was watching me with one eye an' flirting with Zeke Crossby's hired man with the other.

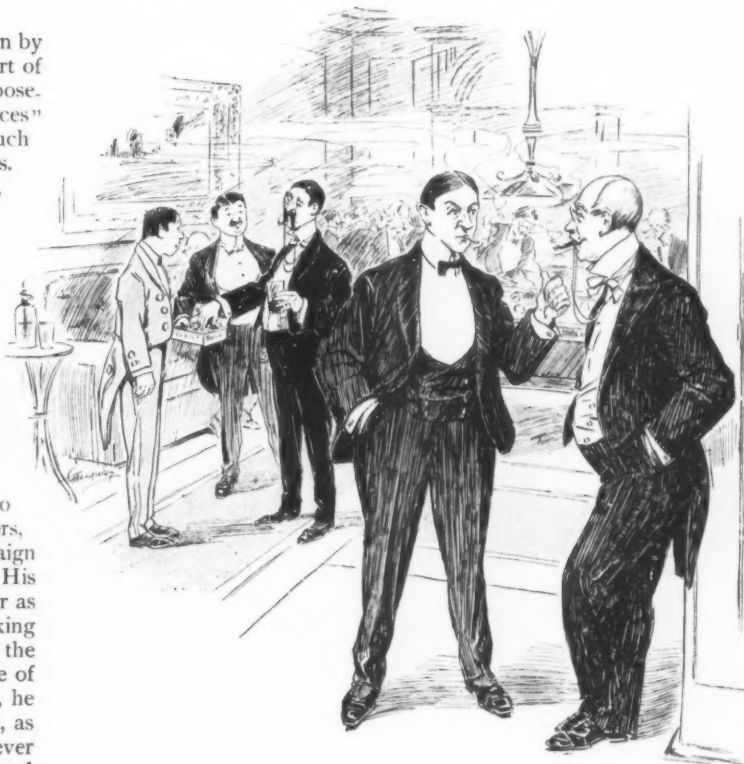
FARMER RYETOP.—Do tell! I swan, these postoffice scandals are getting worse every day.

SO IT SEEMS.

LITTLE LESTER LIVERMORE (*who possesses a prying mind*).—Papa, what is Jeffersonian simplicity?

MR. LIVERMORE.—Well, my son, as exemplified by the Democratic party, of late years, it consists of being chronically on the wrong side.

THERE is nothing new under the sun. Radium, for example, is merely the latest old thing that has been discovered.



ONE SYMPTOM.

"That English party claims to be a lord."

"Probably he is one. I notice that he loves a cheerful giver."





JOTTMANN LITH CO PUCK BLDG NY



ALL HE COULD SAY.

JOSH.—What does "heter"—let me see—"heterogenous" mean?

HIRAM.—I can't jest tell. I only know it's one of them stickers they use at spellin' bees.

THE MAN WHO WANTED TO BE POLITE.

THE MAN who wanted to be polite arose in the morning and looked at himself in the glass.

"The lines of my face are becoming hard," he observed, "and all on account of the influences of our modern civilization. Henceforth I shall be kind and obliging to everyone."

So saying, he went forth into the light of the modern world.

He stepped into a surface car.

"I beg your pardon," he said to a burly individual whom he brushed against. The burly individual looked at him cynically.

He was about to take the only vacant seat when the car stopped and a young woman got on.

"Madam, have this seat," he remarked, lifting his hat.

The young woman took the seat without a word, while several of the passengers, who had been absorbed in their papers, glanced up to see what the unusual excitement was about.

When the man who wanted to be polite saw that the car was approaching the street corner, he said to the conductor: "I beg your pardon, but may I ask you to stop the car at the next street?"

The conductor controlled himself enough to be true to his calling and made no reply. The man waited patiently while the car went three squares further on and then he walked back.

On his way to his office, the man saw a woman, with two children and three heavy bundles, trying to make her way along.

"Won't you permit me to assist you?" he said, putting his hand on one of the bundles.

The woman looked at him once and replied: "I'll call the police."

The man passed on hurriedly. Arriving at his office, he was met by a friend who had just got back from Europe and came in to tell him about it.

The friend sat and talked about his European experience, led on and encouraged by the manner of the man who wanted to be polite.

At the end of two hours he said: "I hope I have n't interrupted you. I know you are a busy man."

And the man said: "Not at all. My business is of no importance, compared with your trip," which made it imperative for his friend to stay for one hour more.

When the man finally got out to his luncheon, after he had patiently waited, and succeeded at last in obtaining a seat, he looked around him and discovered that another man was waiting also. So he hurried up to give the other man a

chance, eating his luncheon in four minutes, where before it had always taken five. When he got through and the other man had grabbed his seat, that individual observed: "Well, you *are* dead-slow."

On his arrival home, the man who wanted to be polite, recalling the fact that he had never treated his servants in a strictly cavalier manner, went out in the kitchen and said: "Bridget, to-morrow morning I will bring up your coal for you myself. And, Bridget, if anything troubles you, come to me and I'll make it right."

Whereupon Bridget went upstairs and in a brief interview with her mistress, signified that she would throw up her job if "the man interfered."

That night, when the man who wanted to be polite went to bed he looked in the glass and said: "Old chap, it does n't pay! Henceforth I am just as impolite as all the rest of them. I can't afford not to be."

Tom Masson.



PROOF.

"Is she a home missionary?"

"I judge so; her children act like a lot of savages."

The mills of the gods never shut down.

PUCK

BALLADE OF KOREANS.



THE STOLID maids of Seoul, I sing,
In lorn Korea by far Cathay,
Who keep unspoiled, so the rumors ring,
Their prime traditions of yesterday.
'T is said they 've never a toll to pay
To fickle fashion, in smiles or tears;
They wear (then surely they will for aye)
The selfsame styles of a thousand years.

The ruling dynasty, namely Ming,
Decrees no changes shall e'er inveigh
To foil the whim of the first old king
Who gave to custom his yea and nay;
So fair Koreans must needs obey,
As each new lord on the throne appears,
And don, submissively as they may,
The selfsame styles of a thousand years.

Oh, queens of fashion, who quickly fling
A season's dresses like chaff away,
If you were fated from Spring to Spring
To wear made-overs, what would you say?
Oh, ladies dainty, and ladies gay—
To veil one's face, and to stop one's ears!
For play or parlor the same array—
The selfsame styles of a thousand years!

L'ENVOI.

But, truth to tell, in Korea they
Fear not the fashions, with all their fears;
And, court and commons, they still display
The selfsame styles of a thousand years.

Frank W. Hutt.

FUTILE.

"What did Pope mean by saying, 'Whatever is right?'"
"Oh, that was merely a poetical effort to stop the kickers."



ALL DOWN!

MRS. NEWLYWED.—Doctor, that bottle of medicine you left for baby is all gone.
DOCTOR.—Impossible! I told you to give him a teaspoonful once an hour.

MRS. NEWLYWED.—Yes; but John, and I, and mother, and the nurse have to each take a teaspoonful, too, in order to induce baby to take it.



GRADED AFFECTION.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Do you love children?

APPLICANT.—It all depends on th' wages, Mum!

WASHINGTON.

Providence left Washington childless, in order that his country might call him father.

This ruse of Providence was not, however, altogether successful. It is a matter of record that Mr. Adams called Washington an old blockhead who knew how to look wise and keep his mouth shut.

Washington was a quiet, thoughtful boy. Nobody who saw him in his early youth dreamed that he would one day appear, not without credit, in some extremely clever historical novels.

It is to be attributed to happy chance that he learned to stand up in a boat, or possibly to the operation of a higher law. For he could hardly have foreseen how Mr. Trumbull would paint him crossing the Delaware.

Except in the far South, it is not practicable to play two games of baseball on February 22, but in many states the saloons compel their patrons to go around to the side door. The day is not by any means forgotten.

KINGCRAFT.

The young prince tore up his geometry and kicked his instructor.

"Of what use is Euclid," he exclaimed, "to a king who has the ships, the men and the money to make a naval demonstration, when anything needs proving?"

His Majesty heard of it, and laughed long and loud, and swore the boy was a chip off the old block.

DOUBT.

MRS. NEWROCKS.—And we shall enter society!
NEWROCKS.—Well, I don't know. I've heard that sometimes you can't buy an admission ticket.

DRESS is of man's life a thing apart,
A woman's whole existence.

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building,
5th Ave., cor. 22d St.

Only Salesroom
in Greater New
York.

"Oh be
Jolly"



P. B. Ale

\$1.50 per dozen pints.

ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT COMPANY
New York Agents.

HIS MOTHER-LOVE.

He say he love his mammy
'Bout twenty millions. My!
Ter put it down in figures
Dat 's love dat 's comin' high!

En yit—de good Lawd bless 'im—
It ain't so high, I spec':—
It 's des erbout de heightness
Er his arms eroun' her neck!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

CURED WITH SUGAR.

"Your acting is fierce," remarked
the manager with brutal frankness.

"Well," replied the actor, "a little
more salary might improve me."

"Think so? You would be a
'sugar-cured ham' for sure, then." —
Catholic Standard and Times.

SHIRKING RESPONSIBILITY.

MOTHER.—Bobby, you must n't run your little engine on Sunday.

BOBBY.—Oh, mother, people in the flat will think it is you running the
sewing machine. — *Detroit Free Press.*

HIS EXPLANATION.

"So Josh did n't hold his position very long?"

"No," answered Mrs. Cornlossel. "But it was n't the boy's fault. It
was n't six weeks before he knew so much more about how to run the business
than the man who owned it that he got jealous and discharged him." — *Wash-
ington Star.*

FAMILY PROBLEM.

"Dat boy is sho' cut out fer somepin' big," said the old colored citizen.

"You think so?"

"I sho' of it! But, ter save my life, I dunno whether ter make a con-
gressman or a carpenter out o' him! Anyhow, I got ter sen' him fur out o' dis
neighborhood,—kaze ef I don't he 'll either break inter jail or de Legislatur'!"
— *Atlanta Constitution.*

HOUSES with hard wood floors and with furnaces and quarter sawed oak
tables are getting so you can't find a place to throw a burned match. — *Wash-
ington Democrat.*

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

No Better Turkish Cigarette can be made

**CORK TIPS
OR PLAIN**

**Look for Signature
of S. ANARGYROS**

AN OPINION.

"In America," said the traveler, "it
is considered wrong to have more than
one wife."

"It is not merely wrong," answered
the sultan, as he glanced apprehensively
at the harem, "it 's foolish." — *Wash-
ington Star.*

MISTRESS.—Did n't the ladies who
called leave cards?

MAID.—They wanted to, Ma'am;
but I told 'em yez had plenty of your
own and better ones too. — *Yonkers
Herald.*

Don't Suffer From Dyspepsia.

Try a little Angostura Bitters in sugar and water
before meals. Get Dr. Siegert's, the genuine, im-
ported.



TO BE AVOIDED.

THE FOX.—Aha! I guess I 'll keep away from that! I don't think my life insurance
policy has a trap clause.

NIAGARA FALLS 9 HOURS FROM NEW YORK VIA NEW YORK CENTRAL.

The Bridge

For the needs of health of men and women when the physician says "Get the Best," get it.



There is only one best—

Hunter Baltimore Rye

Thus prescribed, it will prove to be the bridge between infirmity and strength.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers. W. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

"Uncle," said the High School young man, "is 'politics' singular or plural?" "Sonny," was the reply, "in de paht of de country whah I come fum dey 's sing'lar, mighty sing'lar." — *Washington Star*.

SMALL OUTFIT.

"Yes, he was a get-rich-quick promoter up in Chicago."

"Did he have any capital?"

"Nothing but a revolver." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

GETTING ANXIOUS.

SHE.—I can read you like a book.

HE.—Can you see my finish? — *Detroit Free Press*.

WHEN a girl begins to send her beau articles of household furniture we begin to listen for the announcement. — *Washington Democrat*.

Club Cocktails



The art of cocktail mixing is to so blend the ingredients that no one is evident, but the delicate flavor of each is apparent. Is this the sort of cocktail the man gives you who does it by guesswork? There's never a mistake in a CLUB COCKTAIL. It smells good, tastes good, is good—always. Just strain through cracked ice. Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors, HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE,

32, 34 and 36 Bleeker Street. NEW YORK. BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street. All kinds of Paper made to order.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

"Don't you think you would be happier if you went to work?"

"I suppose so," answered Meandering Mike; "but dere is so many people feelin' dat way on de subject dat I ain't goin' to slip in an' spoil deir pleasure." — *Washington Star*.

THE TIME TO THINK.

CLARA.—I suppose I ought to stop and think before I accept him.

MAUD.—Oh, no. You'll have plenty of time to do that afterwards. — *Detroit Free Press*.

AT THE BILLVILLE BALL.

"Sal, will you dance this dance with me?"

"No, Bill; I done promised Jim."

"That's all right, Sal;—Jim's busy jest now;—somebody stole his razor an' spiked his shotgun!" — *Atlanta Constitution*.

Pope Manufacturing Co. Famous Chainless Bicycles

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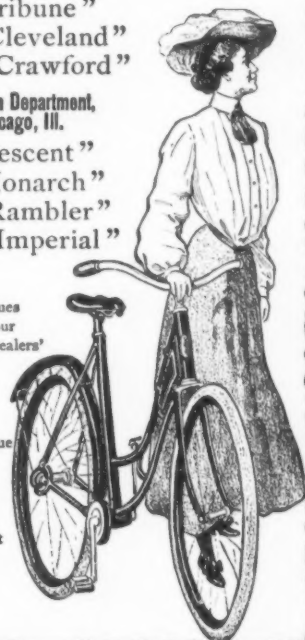
Eastern Department, Hartford, Conn.

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HER OPINION.

"It's very nice if you don't take a header."

"Why, even then it's like falling in love—not necessarily serious."

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BADLY FED.

"Never mind, old fellow," said his friend, consolingly, "keep a stiff upper lip and you'll come out all right."

"Can't," replied the other; "my wife has an idea that starch foods are indigestible. She never allows me to eat anything of the kind." — *Detroit Free Press*.

TWO TOO MANY.

"Triplets," said wee Willie Winkletop, with a very knowing air, "always come to poor families. It's when God sends them a whole line of samples to pick from, and they has n't enough money to pay the expressman to take two of 'em back." — *Lippincott's Magazine*.

It is understood that the Philadelphia man who went to sleep in a theater gallery and fell over the railing, woke up two other Philadelphians in the parquet. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



Pears'

was the first maker of sticks of soap for shaving. Sticks in 3 sizes; shaving cakes in 3 sizes.

Pears' soap established over 100 years.

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Comfort and service. Guaranteed—"All breaks made good." 50c and \$1.00. Any shop or by mail. C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 218, Shirley, Mass.

HIS EXPLANATION.

"Br'er Williams, did you ever sell a vote?"

"No, suh; but I has foun' many a dollar whar de wise canderdates lost it!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"HAVE you any stove-lifters?"

"You will find the derrick department in the basement." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

RED TOP RYE

GOOD WHISKEY

It's up to YOU

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
CINCINNATI, O.
ST. JOSEPH, MO. LOUISVILLE, KY.

GEORGE'S ANSWER.

MRS. CUSTIS.—Tell me, before I marry you, whether you have any encumbrances.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.—Well, I'm the father of my country.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

LOTS er folks is ez stubborn ez what de mule is, en not half so useful in plowin' time.—*Atlanta Constitution*.



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BALL-POINTED PENS (H. Hewitt's Patent.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch or spurt.

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YOUNG LADY.—I can always tell your work the instant I see it.

MAGAZINE ARTIST (*delighted*).—Can you, really?

YOUNG LADY.—Easily. The women all look alike.—*New York Weekly*.

A SCHEMER SPOTTED.

"The young man talks a great deal about his estates abroad."

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "He's like one or two others who wanted to marry into the family. He's anxious to trade his imaginary estate for some of my real estate." — *Washington Star*.



40 Sizes, 10c. to 50c. each.
A. SANTARELLA & CO., Makers, TAMPA, Fla.
Sold by First-Class Dealers Everywhere.

How MANY people there are who are just standing around! — *Wash. Dem.*



THE INCENTIVE TO HASTE.

MRS. HUSKINBY.—Now, don't you lose any time in gittin' back here with the sleigh, if yew value the lives of your wife an' child!

MR. HUSKINBY.—Yew jest bet I won't, Mandy! Why, if I don't git this here lickin' home purty darn quick she's li'ble tew freeze an' bust the jug!

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Hard workers with brain or muscle are loyal friends of

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The nutritious elements in the malt replace broken down tissue and make flesh—Ale is food.

Any Dealer—Any Restaurant.

A SCHEMER.

"You don't like the Babbletons?"
"Not much," answered Bliggins.
"My wife likes them, however."
"But you persuaded your wife to join their progressive euchre club."
"Yes. It's highly probable that after a few games the families won't be on speaking terms."—*Washington Star*.

ON THE WAY.

Sing you a song in the garden of Life,
If only you gather a thistle;
Sing you a song
As you travel along,
And if you can't sing, why—just whistle!—*Atlanta Constitution*.

DINERS, BEWARE!

Time flies while one is eating, yet
This morning we would speak:
One dinner hour may beget
An indigestion week.

—*Philadelphia Press*.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

LAWYER.—So you want to sue your husband for breach of promise?

CLIENT.—Yes, sir! He promised me a seal-skin coat, and all he gave me was an imitation!—*Detroit Free Press*.

WHEN a woman's hands keep at work while she talks, she may be telling of a neighbor's wrongs; when she relates her own, her work drops.—*Atchison Globe*.

"Especially the BUFFALO LITHIA WATER of Virginia."

For Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, Renal Calculi, Gout, Rheumatism and All Diseases Dependent Upon a Uric Acid Diathesis.

Samuel O. L. Potter, A. M., M. D., M. R. C. P., London, Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine and Clinical Medicine in the College Physicians and Surgeons of San Francisco, Cal., in his "Hand-Book of Materia Medica, Pharmacy and Therapeutics," in the citation of remedies under the head of "Chronic Bright's Disease," says: "Mineral waters, especially the **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** of Virginia, has many advocates." Also, under "Albuminuria," he says: "**BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** is highly recommended."

George Halsted Boyland, A. M., M. D., of Paris, Doctor of Medicine, of the Faculty of Paris, in the *New York Medical Journal*, August 22, 1896, says: "There is no remedy as absolutely specific in all forms of Albuminuria and Bright's Disease, whether acute or chronic, as **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**, Spring No. 2, accompanied by Renal Colic, and always with the most satisfactory results. In Renal Calculi, where there is an excess of Uric Acid, it is especially efficacious."

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"Smith has lost his job, and I'm hustling to get him another."

"You are?"

"Yes. I owe him ten dollars and I'm afraid he'll be needing it."

Inactive liver, depressed spirits—make both right with Abbott's Angostura Bitters. The genuine Abbott's will revolutionize the system.

The fruity product of the American Wine Co., St. Louis: Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. Suits every taste.

A SERMON ON CHARITY.

"Dey say dat Charity kivers a multitude er sinners."

"Yes; dat's her intention;—but she gives de kiver ter de saints ter distribute, en dey got lots er use fer it deysef!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

HONORS do not create honor.—*Ram's Horn*.

PEE-WEE IS WHAT YOU WANT! Everybody wants it! GIRLS, LOTS OF FUN!! 10c. for PEE-WEE by mail. Wm. H. 11, 15 F, Vandewater St., New York.

SYMPATHY never goes on a strike.—*Ram's Horn*.

HEIRLOOMS.

MRS. HATTERSON.—Mrs. Sparkleton descended from a glazier, did n't she?

MRS. CATTERSON.—Why?

MRS. HATTERSON.—I saw her last night with her family jewels on.—*Detroit Free Press*.

HAD BEEN COLLECTING THERE.

BOY.—Git in the loft! Yonder comes a man with a shotgun.

EDITOR.—Blank cartridges. There ain't money enough in this town to buy buckshot!—*Atlanta Constitution*.

JUDGE.—You were present when the assault took place?

WITNESS.—Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE.—And did you take cognizance of the bartender of the place?

WITNESS.—I don't know what they called it, but I took what the rest did.—*Yonkers Herald*.

A Great American Industry.

There is in Hudson, N. Y., a brewery that has for 118 years, without interruption, made the highest grade of ale. Its product is recognized as the standard everywhere. Comparative ale goodness in this country is usually established by measuring with Evans'. Evans' Ale is naturally an uncommon ale. Its splendid record is proof of that. It is not only made of superior material, and the acknowledged leader in perfect brewing, but it most assuredly excels and surpasses any other brand in brilliancy, flavor, bouquet and completeness—all of which are brought out to perfection in the brewery bottling.

PEOPLE who are trying to succeed, are so much more agreeable than those who have succeeded.—*Atchison Globe*.

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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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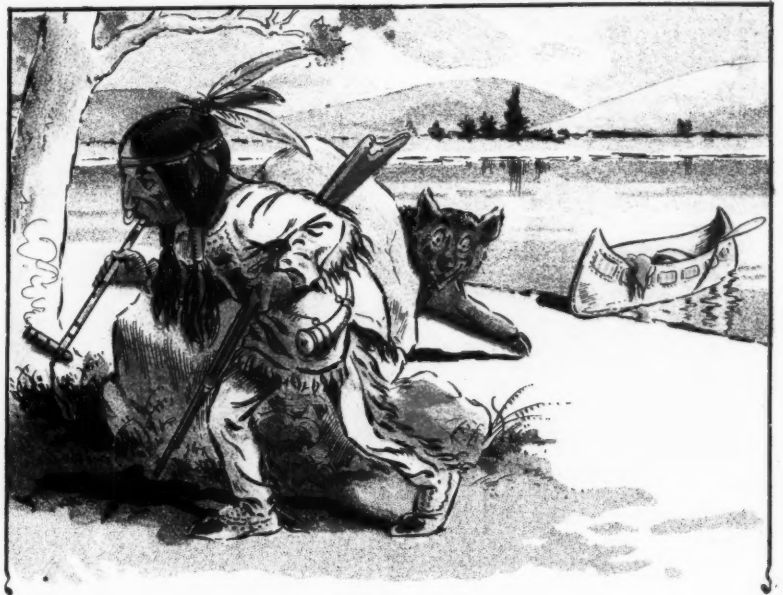
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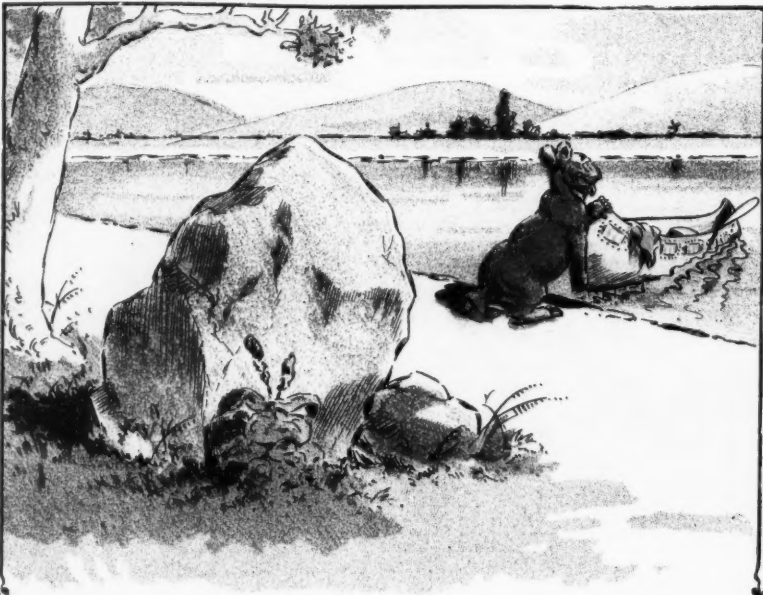
PUCK



I.
THE BEAR.—Well! Well! Young Chief Claimjumper is out hunting again. I can help him, perhaps.



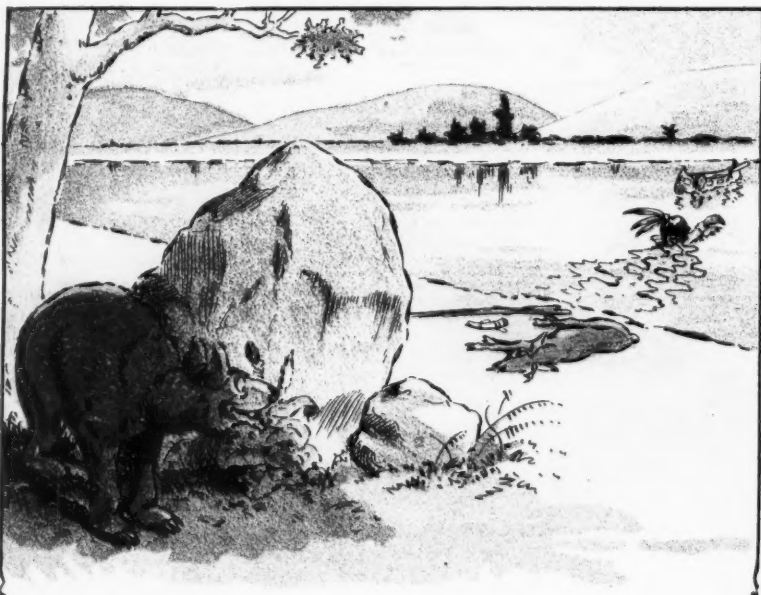
II.
“Good! He did n't see me. I could fall on his neck—but I won't.



III.
“First, I'll set his canoe adrift. Then hie me back to yon friendly rock.



IV.
“Back he comes, at last. And with a deer. Business will now get brisk.



V.
“Things are going swimmingly. I'll wait till he gets a good view of the shore.—



VI.
“Now he's out hunting for keeps!”

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK, 5106 N.Y.

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